

Wednesday - September 20, 1978

It was an exciting morning. Thirty-five Kunz relatives met at the Salt Lake Airport at 9:30 a.m. There were warm, friendly greetings, baggage to be checked and last minute good-byes to family and friends. At 10:00 a.m. we boarded the United Airlines 768 plane and flew South over Murray, Utah. We enjoyed a birdseye view of familiar landmarks, Brighton Ski Resort and the snow-packed Uinta Mountains, sparkling in the sunshine. Soon we were flying over the Wyoming Badlands and gazing at the checkerboard farms of Nebraska. Fifty miles past Milwaukee, Wisconsin, we fastened our seat belts and flew through a thunder storm. The fog was dense and the air was turbulent, with lightning streaking through the sky. The flight attendants were friendly and we felt relaxed and comfortable. The storm was soon behind us and we were enjoying a delicious Swiss steak dinner.

Uncle George Kunz, the youngest son of our common ancestor, John Kunz, III, had a birthday today. The flight attendants heard about it and surprised him with a birthday cake and a bottle of champagne. Everyone joined in singing "Happy Birthday."

At 1:30 p.m. we were flying over the green carpet of New Jersey. It was a comfortable 72 degrees. In 15 minutes we fastened our seat belts and prepared to land at the Kennedy International Airport in New York. It was a magnificent sight, flying low over the Atlantic Ocean, catching a glimpse of the large ships in the harbor, the tiny cars on the freeways sparkling like jewels in the sun, the rows of colorful rooftops of dwarfed homes and the towering skyscrapers in the gigantic city of New York. We landed at the famous airport at 4:00 p.m. Eastern Standard time, gaining two hours. We alked quickly through the airport to an awaiting bus and rode to the Swiss Air Terminal.

Kalevi Rasi-Koskinen, a relative and employee of Murdock Travel Agency, was waiting to greet us and give us further direction.